Vol. VI. Numb. 26

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the News from Flanders. *Of Prince* Eugene *and the Duke of* Savoy's *entering* Dauphiny. *Remarks thereon. Of the Conſtancy and Fidelity of the Duke of* Savoy *and Prince* Eugene *to the common Cauſe. An Account of Dr.* Hickes's *Anſwer to the Book of the* Rights.

From Wednesday, May 28. to Saturday, May 31. 1707.

Obſ. HOneſt *Country-man*, what News?

Country-m. There's another Mail come, but no News of any Action: The Armies are dodging one another, to ſee which will catch the beſt Hop. Moſt of the People at *London* tell me, that quickly I ſhall have a fighting Story.

Obſ. And then thou'lt drink Sack-Wine, and run mad again, as thou did'ſt laſt Time.

Country-m. No, Maſter, I won't; but I'll be confounded merry. I'll treat the whole *Green* that Day, and all the *Cottagers* on the *Common*, with roaſt Meat and *October*; and you and I and my Landlord will dine moſt ſumptuouſly. *Joan* ſhall put the Parſon's Tythe-Pig upon the Spit, and as it turns round we'll ſing,

We have cheated the Parſon, *we'll cheat him agen*;
For why ſhould the Blockhead *have one in ten?* &c.

Maſter, as I ſaid before, ſo I ſay again; we'll dine ſumptuouſly; we'll have Green-Geeſe, Turkey-Powts, *March* Chicken, and good Bacon; I was going to add a Hare, but an Act of Parliament has overturn'd that Diſh; for they tell me, no little Folk now muſt eat Hare; the great Folk are to eat all the great Puſſes: I wiſh it don't make 'em hare-brain'd: But we'll be as merry as the Maids. —— Maſter, I'll tell you what, I hope this Battail won't be fought 'till *Whitſunday*.

Obſ. Why ſo, *Roger*?

Country-m. Becauſe, as I remember, the Battail of *Ramilly* was fought on that Day, and is a lucky Day to the Confederates.

Obſ. I don't care on what Day, provided we have the like Succeſs. —— But what do the Letters ſay of Prince *Eugene* and the Duke of *Savoy*?

Country-m. They ſay, thoſe two brave Generals are marching to invade *Dauphiny*.

Obſ. That's doing of Buſineſs, *Roger*; that's touching *France* in the ſenſible Part; that's improving the Victory of *Turin* in the beſt Manner that can be. There is no Way of conquering the *French*, but by fighting them cloſe. They have kept the War abroad a long Time, partly by their own Cunning, and partly by the Misfortunes of their Enemies; but now 'tis coming Home; *France* will hardly own it welcome, but it brings with it ſuch Attendants, as will make good their Quarters.

To invade a Tyrant's Dominions, is the ſureſt Card in the whole Pack of War; for where ever you come, you have ſome of his inteſtine Enemies to join you. I foreſee a terrible Revolt upon the Confederates entering the *French* Territories, of both Papiſts and *Hugonots*; and the Politicians at the Court of *Verſailles*, will ſtare upon one another like a Company of wild Cats, when they find their *Mint-Bills* have rais'd an Army, inſtead of having pay'd one.

Theſe two great Generals, Prince *Eugene* and the Duke of *Savoy*, do challenge the Reſpect of all Men, for their Courage, their Fidelity, and Stedfaſtneſs in the common Cauſe. Vertue is ever to be admir'd, but moſt in Adverſity; when it always ſhines with the moſt dazling Luſtre. Should I ennumerate the Toils, the *Herculean* Labours, the Fatigues, the Neglects, the Difficulties, that have been the conſtant Companions of the great *Eugene*; and with what Addreſs, what Courage and Conſtancy he has overcome them; how faithful he has been to his Maſter; how juſt to the common Cauſe; and with what a daring Boldneſs he has always fac'd the Enemies of *Europe*'s Peace: Should I, I ſay, ennumerate all the great and glorious Actions of this Great Man, Mankind would own his tranſcendant Services, and acknowledge his conſummate Vertue.

Fortes è Fortibus creantur. A Stock of Heroes is the natural Offspring of the Houſe of *Savoy*. When the Families of ſome ſovereign Princes, thro' Centuries of Years, have ſhow'd their Heads without Brains, and their Hearts without Courage; this illuſtrious Houſe has yielded Cluſters of Heroes worthy ſo good a Stock, and inheriting the Vertues of their Anceſtors. To ſee two ſuch Great Men of one Houſe, at one Time on the Theatre of *Mars*, acquitting themſelves with ſo much Honour and Glory, is both the Wonder and Joy of *Europe*. But they all ſeem created to puſh againſt adverſe Fate, and yet to conquer. Has the Great and illuſtrious *Duke* been any more free from Toils, Hardſhips, and Difficulties, than the Mighty *Prince*? Have they not been ſurrounded with them, one as the other? It is not many Months ago ſince the whole Country of *Savoy*, ſave the Capital City, was in the Enemies Poſſeſſion; the *Princeſſes* of the illuſtrious Family made Fugitives, and retir'd to a *petty State* for Protection: Yet amidſt theſe amazing Difficulties, this Great *Duke* would not embrace the large Offers of *France*, but ſtood firm to the common Cauſe. And after all, the Fate of *Savoy* was retriev'd by theſe two Great Men, and now the Invaded is become the Invader. To finiſh their extraordinary Characters, could I ſay they were Proteſtants, what Hopes would the true Church of Chriſt receive from two ſuch Defenders of the Faith! *Coun-*

Country-m. Maſter, I wiſh, with all my Soul, theſe two Great Generals were Proteſtants.

Obſ. What ha'ſt got under thy Arm, *Country-man?*

Country-m. It's a Book, Maſter.

Obſ. A choice one, I believe, thou hugg'ſt it ſo cloſe.

Country-m. It is a Book written by Dr. *George Hickes*, in Anſwer to the Book of the *Rights*.

Obſ. More Anſwers yet; I can aſſure thee, *Roger*, that Dr. *Hickes* is a very learned Gentleman; he has more Learning than all the Party beſides; but Learning has little Force to overcome Bigotry, and a ſowr'd tenacious Temper of Mind. Some Men are ſo cloſely wedded to Opinion, that they'll forfeit their Reputation, before they will be divorc'd from an ill-Humour. —— What is there in the Book?

Country-m. Do you think I can look over ſuch a great Book in a Moment? I bought it on Purpoſe for you to look it over. I never ſaw ſuch a comical Book in all my Life; the Preface is e'en juſt as big as the Book it ſelf; and then, firſt and foremoſt, here is a puny Preface to the Author of the *Rights*, ſo that the two Prefaces, look like *Robbin Hood* and *Little John* a going a Hunting after the paſſive-obedient Bucks and Does. Look upon it, Maſter.

Obſ. A ſwinging Preface indeed: The Porch is as big as the Houſe. Here's Room enough for the whole *Thæbean Legion* and their *Chaplain* to quarter together. *Roger*, thou ha'ſt put too hard a Taſk upon me; you ſhould conſider my Indiſpoſition; this Doctor is the *Goliah* of the Party, and you find the Porch to his Caſtle, is ſo large, that 'twill take me a long Time to rummage it.

Country-m. Maſter, you may do it, ſince it requires no bodily Labour; and if this Doctor be the *Goliah* of that Party, and you could but get one of *Leſley*'s Jaw-bones, you might kill him with the ſame Weapon with which *David* kill'd the other *Goliah*.

Obſ. Well, *Roger*, what did'ſt obſerve worthy Notice in his little Epiſtle to the Author of the *Rights*? That's the Threſhold to his Porch, and we muſt proceed *Gradatim*, Step by Step; we muſt examine all and every one the Rarities of this Eccleſiaſtical *Tredeſkin*, or we do nothing.

Country-m. He ſays, *multum in Parvo*, as I think the Learned have it, a great Deal in a few Pages: 'Tis a monitory Epiſtle, and he adviſes the Author of the *Rights*, like an honeſt Man, to vindicate what he has ſaid, and not to be aſham'd of his Poſitions; and to ſet his Name to his Book, as a Teſtimony thereof.

Obſ. That's fair, *Roger*; I don't like thoſe Authors that have no Names, they are worſe than Whores that have abundance of Names. But the Doctor ſeems to be very unlucky; I have but dipp'd into his Book, and he's condemn'd by his own Words; he extols the *Rehearſal* to the Skies.

Country-m. Does he ſo! Then I can tell what Kidney the Doctor is of: Is he a Nonjuror?

Obſ. You may be ſure of it, *Roger*; none elſe write for High-Church.

Country-m. Maſter, I fancy the Doctor has been all along a Help-mate; what do you, call it in *Latin? Coadjutor Calami*, to this excellent Author of this excellent Weekly Paper, call'd the *Rehearſal*.

Obſ. Let 'em club, and write on; I don't mention the Doctor's Recommendation and Approbation on that Account; 'tis becauſe the Doctor, in his little ſucking Epiſtle to the Author of the *Rights*, reflects upon him for not ſetting his Name to his Book: Does not his Favourite *Rehearſal* do the ſame? Does he ſet his Name to his Paper? Mayn't a Whig, as well as a Tory, a Low-Church-man be *Anonymous*, as well as a High-Church-man? There is the ſame Liberty for one as the other, and the ſame Reaſon for that Liberty.

Country-m. We ſet our Name to our Paper. But, Maſter, I begin to come acquainted with the Doctor already.

Obſ. How ſo, *Roger*; thou never ſaw'ſt him?

Country-m. If I know the *Rehearſer*, I know the Doctor; the *Rehearſer* is the Doctor's Shadow. Now, before I read the Doctor's Book, I'll tell you his Principles: He's for Paſſive-Obedience and Non-Reſiſtance in the moſt elevated Senſe: He's againſt the Queen's Right to the Crown, and her being Head of the Church: He's for proclaiming the Dangers of the Church under the Queen's Adminiſtration: He's for Curſing and Swearing, and affronting the Majeſty of Heaven, and for beating and abuſing the Civil Magiſtrate, for putting the Laws of God in Execution: He's for Perſecutions, private Aſſaſſinations, Murders, *&c.*

Obſ. Hold, *Roger*, I hope not. Don't judgi uncharitably, before you have read his Book.

Country-m. I judge ſo by his Approbation of the *Rehearſer*, who maintains theſe Points: But I ſhall never read his Book; 'tis too large, and too dear, to be read by the common People.

Obſ. I ſhall eaſe the People in this Point, for they ſhall have the Subſtance of it from me, as Occaſion ſerves; with an Antidote againſt its Poyſon.

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